

appeared before the leaves, this tree was, as it were, making a profession of what it did not have.

3. Jesus cleanses the temple.
4. Directions concerning prayer and forgiveness.
5. Chief priests question Jesus as to His authority. He puts them to silence.

Chapter XII.—

1. Parable of the Vineyard. Note the application to the Jews.
2. Pharisees and Herodians ask questions about paying tribute to Caesar.
3. The Sadducees question Jesus about the resurrection.
4. A scribe questions Him concerning the chief Commandment.
5. Jesus asks, "How say the scribes that Christ is the Son of David?"
6. Jesus warns the disciples against the scribes.
7. The poor Widow and her two mites.

Questions for research and discussion:

1. What was the one thing that the young man in chapter ten lacked?
2. Why is it hard for a rich man to enter Heaven?
3. Why did Jesus curse the fig tree?
4. The common people heard Him gladly. Why was this, and has it always been so?
5. How could it be said that the poor widow cast more into the treasury than the others?

LET US LEAVE OUT THE STING

Mrs. H. C. Morrison

Someone has suggested that before we speak disparagingly of others, let us imagine they are in the adjoining room, listening to what we may have to say about them, and then govern our speech accordingly.

I believe of all faults we are most prone to fall into, is that of criticism. How much more frequent we hear some unkind or disparaging remark about people than do we hear kind things said of them. We are not thinking of such instances when we comment upon the mistake of some one, and that with a pain that grieves because they were so unfortunate; but our most frequent "remarks" are when there is no occasion for them, and when they will hurt us and do the person criticised no good, for they seldom hear of the criticism.

We are reminded of a wholesome comment upon this subject which we saw not long since and which we pass on to our readers, trusting it may be a check to any who may be addicted to this unhealthy habit.

"Criticism is sometimes a duty. God has given our powers of discernment for us to use in his service. We are to distinguish between right and wrong in others as well as ourselves. So from time to time it may be the duty of the Christian to point out the mistakes or wrong teachings or even the sins of others in order to keep from being misled or injured by that which is rightly criticised. But when such criticism is a duty, the love which is enjoined in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is equally a duty. And that is where so much criticism, even when given by Christians, sadly fails. It would seem as though other persons offer a deadly temptation to us to sin in response; and then, in a sinful spirit of harshness and self-righteousness and unlove, we condemn that which is wrong in another, not realizing how much more we condemn ourselves in that very act. A consecrated Christian worker was speaking of a public criticism that had been made by another Christian, of a large group of

professing Christians whose fundamental positions and purposes were plainly wrong and required discerning criticism. But the one referred to expressed regret that this public criticism had been made in such a way that 'the sting was more noticeable than the fault to which the criticism called attention.' Are we not all rebuked by this kindly criticism? When we must criticise, let us do it in such a way that even those who are criticised shall be deeply touched by a realization that love is more prominent in our hearts than fault-finding."

I think the key-note has been struck in this comment, and we are reminded of the scripture which says, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness," (not criticism). If you will read the remainder of this verse, Ga. 6:1, you will see the writer gives as reason why we should deal leniently and meekly with an erring brother or sister—"considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

There is none of us who is so faultless that we can be set up as models for imitation, for the best of us have infirmities of the flesh and broken threads and dropped stitches in the weaving of life's web, that should keep us humble and averse to comment and criticism of one who, in our opinion, may be weaker than we. Hawthorne speaks of "The somber spirit of our forefathers who wove their web of life with hardly a thread of rose-color or gold," yet in the midst of their 'toiling in rowing,' we dare say they did not escape criticism and unkind comments upon their efforts to lay foundations that would bless unborn generations.

There is a couplet which runs something like this:

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it does not behoove any of us,
To say anything about the rest of us."

Measuring ourselves by this rule it would not be long until all criticism would be a thing of the past, and when it was necessary to remind one of a shortcoming it would be in such a way that the reprovéd one would love you better, as the rebuke would be administered in such a loving, meek way that they would realize that, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

To make it a bit plain and homespun, I will just say, that it is the old-time, busybody, envious meddlesome backbiter that is such a terror to 'good people,' and reacts upon the person cursed with such a habit in a way that makes it difficult for them to do much growing in grace. For grace does not enjoy such unholy fellowship. The trouble is, that the one overtaken in a fault is equally reprovéd by those who are the least qualified by grace to perform this delicate piece of heart surgery. Remember, it is the spiritual who are admonished to deal with the erring one, and not the habitual fault-finder and critic.

Yes, I am talking to myself, for temptations often come my way to indulge in the very thing I am writing about. But let us all agree that we will make it a rule to say nothing to one's back that we would not say to their face; and if it be our duty to reprove or rebuke, let it be done with tearful entreaty and earnest solicitude for future rectitude. Then the sting will be left out of their hearts and ours, and afterward the reproof will yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness.

Men of God have always from time to time walked among men, and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer.—Emerson.

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

A BARREL OF WHISKEY

A drayman rolled forth from his cart to the street

A red-headed barrel, well bound and complete
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame,
And on it red letters, like forked tongues of flame,

Of this world-renowned whisky from somebody's still

Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel, delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh,
A sulphurous shadow that grew as I gazed,
To the worm of Mephisto. Though sorely amazed

I ventured a question this imp in the realm
Where vice is the pilot, with Crime at the helm.

I asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whisky which he
Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee.

"Oh, I never handle the stuff," he replied;
"My mortal patrons are trusty and tried;
Mayhap, peradventure, you might wish to look

At the invoice complete—I will read from this book.

You will find that this barrel contains something more

Than forty-two gallons of whisky galore,"
And ere I could slip just another word in,
He checked off quite gaily this cargo of sin.

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes,
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of naught-availing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips when he dies.

"A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of ruin unspeakably vast
That flows from the liquor that glows in the glass. —Author unknown

WALL STREET OPINION

Wall Street, New York, the money center of the world, recently published in its Journal a strong endorsement of Christianity. "What America needs more than railway extension, Western irrigation, a low tariff, a bigger cotton crop, and a larger wheat crop is a revival of religion—the kind that father and mother used to have—a religion that counted it good business to take time for family worship each morning right in the middle of wheat harvest—a religion that prompted them to quit work a half hour earlier on Wednesday so that the whole family could get ready to go to prayer meeting."—Pentecostal Evangel.